THE

STORY

OF

INKLE and YARRICO.

A moſt moving TALE from the *Spectator*.

ERRATA.

INstead of *Yarrico*, r *Yarico* throughout; in the Title, p. 3. l. 6. instead of *Veres*, r *Verse*; p. 6. l. 12. instead of *Cannibals*, r *Canibals*; p. 8. l. 18. instead of *describ'd*, r *descry'd*; ibid l. 20. instead of *bad* r. *glad*; p. 14. l. 5. *polis'd*, r *polish'd*.

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Attempted in VERSE by

The Right Hon. the Counteſs of ****

LONDON:
Printed for J. COOPER, in *Fleetſtreet*, 1738.
(Price One Shilling.)

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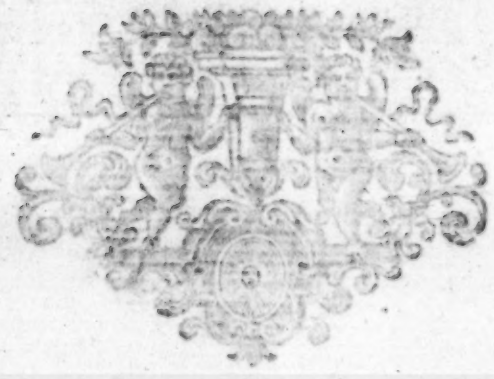

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A Youth there was poſſeſs'd of every charm,
Which might the coldeſt heart with paſſion warm;
His blooming cheeks with ruddy beauty glow'd,
His hair in waving ringlets graceful flow'd;
Thro' all his perſon an attractive mein,
Juſt ſymmetry, and elegance were ſeen:

But niggard Fortune had her aid witheld,
And poverty th'unhappy Boy compell'd
To diſtant climes to ſail, in ſearch of gain,
Which might in eaſe his latter days maintain.
By chance, or rather the decree of Heaven,
The veſſel on a barbarous coaſt was driven;
He, with a few unhappy Striplings more,
Ventur'd too far upon the fatal ſhore:
The cruel natives thirſted for their blood,
And iſſued furious from a neighb'ring wood.
His friends all fell by brutal Rage o'erpowr'd,
Their fleſh the horrid *Cannibals* devour'd;
Whilſt he alone eſcap'd by ſpeedy flight,
And in a thicket lay conceal'd from ſight!
Now he reflects on his companions fate,
His threat'ning danger, and abandon'd ſtate.
Whilſt thus in fruitleſs grief he ſpent the day,
A *Negro* Virgin chanc'd to paſs that way;
He view'd her naked beauties with ſurpriſe,
Her well proportion'd limbs and ſprightly eyes!
With his complexion and gay dreſs amaz'd,
The artleſs Nymph upon the Stranger gaz'd;

Charm'd with his features and alluring grace,
His flowing locks and his enliven'd face.
His ſafety now became her tend'reſt care,
A vaulted rock ſhe knew and hid him there;
The choiceſt fruits the iſle produc'd ſhe ſought,
And kindly to allay his hunger brought;
And when his thirſt requir'd, in ſearch of drink,
She led him to a chryſtal fountain's brink.
Mutually charm'd by various arts they ſtrove,
To inform each other of their mutual love;
A language ſoon they form'd, which might expreſs
Their pleaſing care and growing tenderneſs.
With tygers ſpeckled ſkins ſhe deck'd his bed,
O'er which the gayeſt plumes of birds were ſpread;
And every morning, with the niceſt care,
Adorn'd her well turn'd neck and ſhining hair,
With all the glittering ſhells and painted flowers,
That ſerve to deck the *Indian* Virgins bowers.
And when the ſun deſcended in the ſky,
And length'ning ſhades foretold the ev'ning nigh,
Beneath ſome ſpreading palm's delightful ſhade,
Together ſat the Youth and lovely Maid;

Or, where ſome bubbling river gently crept,
She in her arms ſecur'd him while he ſlept.
When the bright moon in midnight pomp was ſeen,
And ſtar-light glitter'd o'er the dewy green,
In ſome cloſe arbor, or ſome fragrant grove,
He whiſper'd vows of everlaſting love.
Then, as upon the verdant turf he lay,
He oft would to th' attentive Virgin ſay,
" *Oh could I but, my* YARRICO, *with thee*
" *Once more my dear, my native country ſee!*
" *In ſofteſt ſilks thy limbs ſhould be array'd,*
" *Like that of which the cloaths I wear are made;*
" *What different ways my grateful Soul would find,*
" *To indulge thy perſon and divert thy mind*"?
While ſhe on the enticing accents hung,
That ſmoothly fell from his perſuaſive tongue;
One evening, from a rock's impending ſide,
An *European* veſſel ſhe deſcrib'd,
And made them ſigns to touch upon the ſhore,
Then to her Lover ſhe glad tidings bore;
Who with his Miſtreſs to the ſhip deſcends,
And found the crew were country-men and friends.

Reflecting

Reflecting now upon the time he paſt,
Deep melancholy all his thoughts o'ercaſt,
" *Was it for this*, ſaid he, *I croſs'd the Main*
" *Only a doating Virgin's heart to gain?*
" *I needed not for ſuch a prize to roam,*
" *There are a thouſand doating maids at home.*
While thus his diſappointed mind was toſs'd,
The Ship arriv'd on the *Barbarian* coaſt;
Immediately the Planters from the town,
Who trade for goods and *Negro* Slaves, came down;
And now his mind, by ſordid int'reſt ſway'd,
Reſolv'd to ſell his faithful *Indian* Maid.
Soon at his feet for mercy ſhe implor'd,
And thus in moving ſtrains her fate deplor'd:
" *O whither can I turn to ſeek redreſs,*
" *When thou'rt the cruel cauſe of my diſtreſs!*
" *If the remembrance of our former love,*
" *And all thy plighted vows want force to move;*
" *Yet, for the helpleſs Infant's ſake I bear,*
" *Liſten with pity to my juſt deſpair,*
" *Oh let me not in ſlavery remain,*
" *Doom'd all my life to drag a ſervile chain!*

" *It cannot ſurely be! thy generous breaſt*
" *An act ſo vile, ſo ſordid muſt deteſt:*
" *But, if thou hate me, rather let me meet*
" *A gentler fate, and ſtab me at thy feet;*
" *Then will I bleſs thee with my dying breath,*
" *And ſink contented in the ſhades of death.*

Not all ſhe ſaid could his compaſſion move,
Forgetful of his vows and promis'd love;
The weeping Damſel from his knees he ſpurn'd,
And with her price pleas'd to the ſhip return'd.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

YARRICO to *INKLE*,

After he had left her in SLAVERY.

LONDON:

Printed for J. COOPER, in *Fleetſtreet*, 1738.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

JARGO to JUKLE.

After he had left her in SLAVERY.

LONDON:

Printed for J. COOPER, in Fleet-ſtreet, 1738.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

YARRICO to *INKLE*,

After he had left her in SLAVERY.

IF yet thou any memory retain
Of her thou doom'dſt in ſlavery to remain,
Oh hear my Sorrow! 'twill be ſome relief
To the dear Author to unfold my grief.
'Tis thy injuſtice, thy deſtructive ſcorn,
And not the chain I drag, for which I mourn:
That to my limbs alone doth pain impart,
But thy ingratitude torments my heart.
Cloſe in the deep receſſes of my breaſt,
Thy lovely image ſtill remains impreſt;

And, ſpite of thy barbarity to me,
My faithful Soul for ever doats on thee.
I well remember that unhappy day,
In which I gaz'd my liberty away;
Charm'd with thy face like polis'd iv'ry fair,
Thy beauteous features and enticing hair.
How did I tremble, leſt thy bloom of life
Shou'd fall a prey to ſome *Barbarian*'s knife!
By love inſtructed firſt thy life to ſave,
I hid thee from them in a moſſy cave;
And ſcarce durſt venture out in ſearch of food,
Leſt they the while ſhou'd revel in thy blood.
Yet, by a ſordid thirſt of gain ſubdu'd,
You deſtin'd me to endleſs ſervitude;
And, when in vain thy ſtubborn heart to move
By the remembrance of our love I ſtrove,
I begg'd thee, for thy unborn Infant's ſake,
Compaſſion on my mis'ry to take:
But you, o'erpower'd by cruel avarice,
For my condition only rais'd my price.
When I beheld thee leave the fatal coaſt,
And every hope to move thy Soul was loſt,

How

How did I my neglected boſom tear,
With all the fury of a wild deſpair!
Then on the ſands a ſtupid corpſe I lay,
Till by my Maſter's order dragg'd away;
My ſuff'rings were thy wretched Infant's death,
Who in one hour receiv'd and loſt his Breath!
Yet ſtill I muſt my hated life ſuſtain,
Still linger on my anxious years in pain;
For once I knew a hoary Chriſtian Prieſt
His every act ſtrict piety confeſt,
Who told me, that *Beyond the azure skies*
And ſilver moon another region lies;
Where after death thoſe Souls would ſurely go
Who here unjuſtly were depreſs'd with woe,
If they petition'd the all-powerful God,
To ſmooth their paſſage and direct their road:
And there in chryſtal palaces or bowers,
Deck'd with eternal greens and fragrant flowers,
In ſongs and praiſes they their lives ſhould ſpend,
Entranc'd in pleaſures which will never end.
But thoſe, who tir'd of life themſelves deſtroy,
He ſaid, *muſt never taſte celeſtial joy;*

But

But underneath the earth to pits retire,
Where they will burn in everlaſting fire.
And, ſpite of all the ills which I endure
I dare not venture ſuch a dang'rous cure.
He told me too, but oh avert it Love,
And thou great over-ruling Power above!
That *Perjur'd men would to thoſe pits be driven*
And ne'er muſt enter through the gates of heaven.
Think, if this ſad conjecture ſhould be true,
Dear faithleſs Youth, oh think, what wilt thou do!

F I N I S.